A

Pindarick ODE

ON THE

DEATH

Of His Late Sacred Majesty

King CHARLES II.

OF

BLESSED MEMORY.

By *J. H.* Esq;

Stat sua cuiq; dies breve & irreparabile tempus,
Omnibus est vitæ; sed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus ——— Virg.

STruck with the horror of the Dismal News,
And sunk with the dead weight of Grief,
Beneath a Doting Willows Shade,
A while the Melancholy Muse
Despairing of Relief,
Was gasping laid.
Diana Mourns behind a Gloomy Cloud,
Apollo with a faint and glimm'ring Ray,
Guides the unwilling progress of the day;
And *Winds* do seem to sigh aloud.

The

The Mourning Groves their Ruſſet Garments wear,
And Nature has forgot the Seaſons of the Year;
The Trees ſeem to refuſe to grow,
Naked and Shievering on the Plain,
The Roots the Vital Sap retain,
To ſpend in Melting Tears below.
Atlas beneath his Leaden Weight does groan,
His Hamſtrings yield, his Sinews crack,
The ſtupid Lump lies heavy on his Back;
The Worlds Enliv'ning Spirit, *Ceſar*, gone,

II.

We thought when *Walcot*, *Rouſe* and *Hone*,
And others of that bloody Crew,
Received the Juſtice to their Treaſons due,
Our Fears would end, all dangers gone,
Whilſt no appearance of Rebellion:
But when we thought all danger paſt,
When Plots againſt our King began to ceaſe,
Lo! A new Traytor to diſturb our Peace,
The Traitor Death Rebels at laſt,
The Traitor Death, that grinning Slave,
That Servile Wretch, ſo long had been
A Subject of our Sovereign,
Had ſent a Thouſand Rebels to their Graves,
Yet durſt not ſtrike when he ſaid, *Let him Live*,
The Power of Life and Death was his Prerogative:
Therefore Death durſt not the Dread Monarch ſeize,
But Rebel-like on unfore-ſeen Surprize.

III.

Once heretofore we thought our Monarch dead,
Dead unto us, civilly Buried,
Encompaſs'd round with Rottenneſs, when he
Lay Coffin'd up within the Royal Tree:
'Twas then the wounded Nation bled,
Then 'twas her Crimſon Tears were ſhed;
'Twas then were heard Three Kingdoms Tragick Groans,
Lab'ring with ſtrong Convulſions:
But Heav'ns Eternally be prais'd,
Our Sov'raign from the Dead was rais'd, Return'd

[redacted]

Return'd again, with blessings Crown'd,
And spreading Universal Joys around;
Like *Sol* from Nights dark Prisons sprung,
He clear'd our Sky, disperst our Fogs, and with fresh Lustre shon

IV.

But ah! I tremble to relate,
The irresistable decrees of Fate,
The awful Prince is dead, and 'tis in vain
To hope he'll be restor'd again;
No, he has left his House of Clay,
In the swift Wings of Angels born away,
To the bright regions of Eternal Day.
And 'twas but fit a Soul divinely great,
Should quit this Perishable World for a Cœlestial Seat.

V.

Then lets no longer idly moan
At his sublime Translation,
Only his Drossy parts of Clay,
Crumble to dust, and fade away.
(If any Dross were possible to be
In one so exquisitely fine as he!)
He's Crown'd above with an immortal bliss,
Smiles at the little Honours of an Earthly King,
Heavens blessed Quire, their sacred Anthems sing,
To welcome, and congratulate the Royal Guest.

VI.

Nor is he Immortal only there,
He lives too with New Glories here,
Lives in his Fame, within Life's narrow span,
Has gain'd a Name of infinite duration.
While we, the busie Mobile,
And all our mean posterity,
Must yield to Death, and not a Name shall be
Left, to preserve our Memory;
When Tombs themselves shall antiquated be,
Themselves want Monuments, to preserve
Their Memories from the Grave:
His great Heroick Actions shall be known,
To after Ages, handed down,
By an infallible Tradition:
Ages to come shall talk of Wonders past,
And Fame shall eccho *Charles* His worth, while time it self shall last.

To

To His Most Excellent Majesty

King JAMES II.

While all your Subjects their Allegiance pay,
And at your Feet their grateful Offerings lay;
Permit, Dread Soveraign, an Officious Swain,
To wish all Blessings to your Peaceful Reign;
After the Bards, my Masters, I remain
To pay my Vows, the meanest of the Train.
Hail, *England's* Glory! Heavens peculiar Care!
Whose chief Life-Guard the blessed Angels are,
Breath of our Nostrils, Hail!——
Heav'n kept you from the tempests of the Seas,
And from th'excluding Votes, more turbulent then these.
A while like stupid Brutes, wee've senseless lain,
You'r the restorer of our Wits again.
Vice shall abscond, while you the Scepter sway,
And Frauds discountenanc'd shall sneak away:
Vertue exalted on her highest sphear,
Without Eclipse in splendor shall appear.
Justice within her bounds, like *Thames* shall flow,
With equal currrent; nor supinely slow,
Nor yet too swift; nor shall fierce Tempests blow,
To wrinkle, or molest her even brow:
But if our *English* Giants shall rebel,
Cæsar like *Jove*, can frown and thunder them to Hell.

F I N I S.

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